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MILKING TIME.



PUCK

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PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S speech of acceptance has proven very disappointing—to his enemies. Those who expected a pyrotechnical display after the "Perdicaris alive or Rasuli dead" order profess to find in it merely the mediocre qualities of the "sisser." Indeed, many of them are loud in proclaiming the fact that the Candidate seeking the suffrage of the people has temporarily abandoned the grand-stand style of play that has characterized his official acts as President of the United States and is trying to convince the public that he is as safe and sane as any candidate that ever came out of Esopus. However this may be it certainly is clear that Mr. Candidate Roosevelt appears to be a far more conservative person than Mr. President Roosevelt used to be. The moderation of his utterance is quite in keeping with the idea that he aspires to be retained as the servant of the people and not as their master. The fear that prevailed in some quarters that he would deprive the Democrats of the franchise and unanimously elect himself President by executive proclamation has been shown to be unfounded. The apprehensions of capital that he would show himself a belted Knight armed cap-a-pie for a trust busting tourney has fallen to the ground.

The expectation of labor that he would stamp himself with the union label and announce himself as the Chief of the Amalgamated Brotherhood of Politicians has not been realized, and altogether it looks as if he had said everything there was to be said without saying anything in particular and with an epigrammatical force that is truly enviable. The juxtaposition of the paragraphs on organized capital and irrigation was perhaps a trifle unfortunate considering the extent to which the former has been guilty of the latter, but in other respects the speech may be regarded as a model of its kind. We congratulate the President upon having so successfully passed over this particular section of the Rubicon and recommend to that other swimmer in similar waters, Judge Parker, that he study the method of his adversary with diligent care in order that he may do likewise propitiously.

WE WOULD call the attention of Mr. Carl Schurz and other critics of the President's militaristic tendencies to the fact that the nomination was accepted by him even at the Cannon's mouth. There may be some deeply hidden significance in this incident that they will do well to investigate.

THE FIVE year period imposed by the Hague Conference upon Nations at war during which warfare by means of the balloon was prohibited has expired and we may soon expect to hear something drop in the Orient. It is quite probable that both combatants in the Russo-Japanese conflict have carefully noted the time limit and its date of expiration, and it will be of real interest to observe which of the two will be first in the field with armored cruisers of the air. Deplorable as the material results may be in the carnage that is likely to result from the dropping of a few dynamite bombs into one or the other camp, the

abstract results from the introduction of a new and terrible auxiliary such as the air-ship could easily become, will be for the benefit of all concerned since it will hasten the day when fighting will cease. For this reason alone the emergence from a closed season of the balloon as an engine of war is to be welcomed. Everybody is heartily tired of the war, press, public, correspondents, even the combatants themselves. The war news, such as we get, is a monotonous and incomprehensible jumble of heathen names, such as no self-respecting citizen of the West would attempt to pronounce, what with the incessant stream of Ping-Yangs, Niu-Chwengs, Vladivoskis and Pflugs that has passed over the cables since the thing began. There is no inspiration in such a conflict. No poet could sing a martial song heralding the glorious achievement of a Russian General whose patronymic suggests that his original ancestor was a barbed-wire fence, and the perilous likeness of the titles of whose battlefields to a famous brand of pickles is a matter of instinctive comment. If war must be, let us have it in its most terrible form at once, and get it over with. There is nothing in it for anybody except needless worry, and sacrifice.

WITHOUT TAKING sides in the matter PUCK is inclined to believe that Japan will benefit the more by the introduction of the balloon now made possible. The forces of the Czar have been up in the air for some time and the Japanese will now be able to get at them.



JUST ABOUT now Judge Parker is being formally notified of his nomination at St. Louis. We have not been honored with advance sheets of his speech of acceptance and are therefore in the dark as to the precise details thereof, but judging Mr. Parker by his one lapse from silence we have no doubt that before night the country will be face to face at last with something of a political nature worth talking about. With this speech of acceptance the campaign is fairly on and from this time forward voters will begin to align themselves on one side or the other according as their party preferences move them. There was a time when the platforms of the contending parties

presented the issues with such force that the men who stood on them were of comparatively little importance, but that is not the case today. If there is a useless article of virtue in the whole category of bric-à-brac it is the modern platform which is put together in a spirit of evasion by the cunning politicians in Convention assembled with the idea that the Candidate if he so chooses may kick the whole thing to pieces at the first opportunity that offers itself. This year more than ever before, insofar as the platforms themselves clarify the issues, a Man from Mars with all the presumed intelligence of that advanced individual would be unable to mark out a clean cut line of differentiation between the ins and outs save that one wants to stay in and the other wants to get in.

THE ONLY real issue that shows itself above the surface at this writing is one of the temperamental qualifications of the two candidates. The man who is in, we are told, is a dictator and the man who is out is not. Superficially there would seem to be something in this theory. Mr. Roosevelt despite the general tone of his speech of acceptance is not a sucking dove by any manner of means, but on the whole we fail to see much difference in the overmasterfulness of the man who licks his party into submission before the convention and that of him who applies his corrective lash at the convention. As party-tamers both candidates have evinced extraordinary talents. The question which voters have got to decide for themselves is as to which party will stay tamed the longer, and in this respect if history teaches us anything Mr. Roosevelt seems to have the better of the argument. If we felt that Judge Parker's control of the Democratic situation was likely to last beyond the fifth of next March and that the perplexities of Cleveland in 1896 were not in store for him we should contemplate the possibilities of his election with greater equanimity. In any event when it comes down to the question of the party domination of either of the two candidates there is reason to believe that both gentlemen are living in glass houses, and the stone throwers would better be most circumspect.





VII.

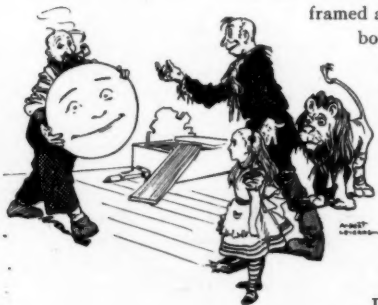
ALICE MEETS THE EMERGENCY MAN.

"I AM SO SORRY for poor Mr. Wiggs," said Alice, as they moved silently out of the scene of wreck in Oscar's Garden. "It was so pretty in there with all those colored lights, and the moon shining down from above."

"Maybe you'd like to have a piece of that moon as a souvenir, young lady," said Oscar, deeply moved by his little guest's sympathy. "I'm having a new one made and you might just as well take part of the old one along with you. Fact is, you can have the whole thing if you want it."

"What—the moon?" cried Alice, in amazement.

"Certainly," replied Oscar. "You must have cried for it when you were a baby, if you are like all other children I know. Now's your chance to get it. I'll autograph it for you, and you can have it framed and hung up over your cot, or in your boudoir as a companion picture to the photograph of James K. Faversham, which I presume is already hanging there."



"Was n't it a real moon?" queried Alice, a shade of disappointment in her tone.

"Certainly it was," said Oscar.

"Absolutely genuine, warranted fast color moon, only it rises with a jerk and like the Rooster in a poem I am going to write some time it sometimes refuses to set. Hi, Jimmie," he added,

turning and calling back to the stage carpenter, who was trying to discover how he could best set about making the repairs made necessary by the mad exit of the audience, "bring the moon over here and let me autograph it for this young lady. To-morrow night we'll introduce the new one if it is ready, and if it is n't you can paint your old bald head yellow and make your debut in that role yourself."

"Aye, aye, sir," replied the man addressed as Jimmie, cheerfully, complying instantly with Oscar's request.

"Gee! Ain't it a beautiful moon," said the Scarecrow, as Jimmie prepared to hand it over. "Does n't look a bit as I would either if I stayed out all night."

"Wonderful chap, that," said Oscar, gazing affectionately at the stage carpenter. "Is n't anything he can't do from a bloodhound in an Uncle Tom's Cabin lay-out to a parlor chair or a lamp-post. He'd make a hit as the moon. Say, Jimmie, sit down and tell the lady all about yourself."

The cheerful Jimmie promptly obeyed the call. Dropping his tools he threw himself on the floor before Alice and the others and began:

"I'm the Universal Understudy, Ma'am," he said, modestly. "I'm a sort of insurance policy against managerial trouble. As long as I am around nobody need worry about the show. I am letter perfect in all the roles of Shakespeare. I can recite Pinero backwards with my eyes shut and from leading lady to fireman am always ready to take any part known to the dramatic world."

"I'm a sort of Emergency Man.
I'm built on a moveable plan.
If a troupe's in a hole,
My sleeves I uproll
And help 'em the best that I can.

For instance, suppose in King Lear
Somebody should fracture a spear,
They call upon me
To under-stud-ee,
And as a free lance I appear.

Suppose that the Ocean is ill,
And stands so exceedingly still
You'd all of you think
'T was a bottle of ink,
And no one to fill in the bill;

I burst like the sea on the stage,
A-heaving and roaring with rage,
Till every one shrieks:
Look out for the leaks!
The waters are on the rampage.

If Hamlet should fail to turn up
In time for the foil and the cup,
They call upon Jim,
Crying 'Leave it to him—
He'll carry it off with a scup.

If De Reske is down with a cough,
With boxes inclined for a scoff,
They send out for me
To do the high C—
And, Gee! how I carry it off!

If Oscar's in need of a moon,
A ballet or second bassoon,
A blonde-haired soprano
Or first-class piano,
A juggler or musical coon,

A chap to take Faversham's place,
A horse for a county fair race,
A man to do Irving
In stunts quite unnerving
With any old kind of a face,

They call upon nerry old Jim
And cheerfully leave it to him,
Whatever they bill, it
Is certain he'll fill it
Way up to and over the brim."

"Is n't he a dandy?" cried Oscar, his enthusiasm returning.

"He must be awfully clever," said Alice.

"I am," said Jim, modestly. "I'm clever enough to stick at a steady job that brings me in fifteen a week and nothing but praise instead of getting \$20,000 a minute for half a second every forty years as a star with all the critics in the country knocking me because I introduce a Floradora walk into Julius Caesar, or because in playing the second Mrs. Tanqueray I use the narrow A of Oklahoma instead of the broad A of Boston and Piccadilly. Whenever I see fame hovering around me and making ready to perch upon my banners I get out my gun and warn the bird off my premises. I'll never forget what I said to Sir Henry Irving the time I understudied for him in Charles the First, and the critics said it was the most finished performance they'd ever had from that distinguished actor. 'Jim,' said Sir Henry to me, 'I'm going to make a speech before the curtain to-night and acknowledge that these laurels are yours and not mine.' 'All right, Sir Henry,' says I. 'As long as you do it yourself I don't care. Nobody'll be able to make out what you say, but for Heavens sake don't let anybody else make the announcement. The public might understand and make a matinee idol of me, and I've got troubles enough as it is.'"

"You've really understudied for Irving, have you?" asked the Lion, gazing at the carpenter with undisguised envy. "Gosh! I wish somebody'd give me a chance to do that."

"Nonsense, Leo," laughed the Scarecrow. "You'd never do for one of Irving's roles. People would see through it in a minute. You might do a Richard Mansfield part with a lot of roaring in it, like Ivan the Terrible, and do it well, but you could n't touch Irving with a ten-foot pole—not even as Malvolio."

"It's nervous work, too," put in Jim the Emergency Man. "I don't think a lion could stand the strain without losing his temper, and that would involve terrible consequences. When I was a kid I travelled with a company that had a Trained Lion along with it, and one night, up at Oskawattamie near Lake Michigan, the beast got so nervous what with travelling all the time and having to eat buckwheat cakes and lemon pie three times a day that he lost his temper, jumped over the footlights and before we could stop him had chewed the audience all up."

"Mercy!" cried Alice, shrinking timidly away from Leo. "As many people as that?"

The stage carpenter laughed.

"Yes, as many people as that. What was more, he was the most good-



PUCK

natured audience we ever had and we were sorry to lose him even if he was an Editor and came in on a pass," said he. "The only redeeming feature to the whole tragedy was that the poor chap had written his criticism of our production the night before we arrived from descriptions of it forwarded to him by our press agent, so that we did n't lose that. But you can imagine how annoying it must have been to us, right in the middle of the play, to have the audience eaten. It cast a gloom over the rest of the performance. Never played to an empty house, did you, Ma'am?"



"No," said Alice, "I never—"

"Well, it's awfully depressing," said Jim. "Awfully, and I know what I'm talking about, for I've had the experience."

*"I played in Hamlet once out West
'Twas somewhere in Nevada,
And though the play I love the best
There's nothing could be harder."*

*The sixteen boxes in the house
Held not a single mortal,
And on the floor not e'en a mouse
Had entered through the portal.*

*The peanut gallery likewise
Was wholly free from people;
And every balcony's steep rise
Was empty as a steeple.*

*Outside the doorway, by the street,
There was no ticket taker.
The lobbies were as free of feet
As some primeval acre.*

*There was n't even in the aisles
A solitary usher
To cheer me on with pleasant smiles,
Much less a maiden gusher.*

*There was no band to ease my way
Suggesting Saint Cecilia;
Nor any company to play
Laertes, or Ophelia;*

*Polonius or Gertrude, or
The skull of Mr. Yorick.
I had to play the total score
On Shakespeare's piece historic.*

*I had to hoist the curtain up,
And keep the scenes a-shifting.
I had to drain the poison cup,
And keep the action drifting.*

*I had to pierce my doublet black
And, breathing like a porpoise,
A minute after death come back
And carry off my corpus.*

*I had to let the curtain down
And do my own applauding.
I had to bill the blooming town
On barrel and on hoarding.*

*I had to criticize the play
In phrases transcendental,
And when I woke the following day
'T was I that 'jumped' the rental.*

*I had to manage all the lights,
And do the programme printing;
And when my landlord sought his rights
I had to do the sprinting.*

*And hence it is, O Lady Fair,
I do not mind confessing,
To be the Whole Thing may be rare,
But oh 't is most depressing!"*

"Well its had a good effect upon you, Jimmie," said the Head Gardener. "You're a rare man considering your genius. Why, do you know," he continued, turning to Alice, "I've known Jimmie for twenty-seven years, young lady, and his head has been the same size all that time. Has n't expanded a bit."

"Why should it?" asked Jimmie. "I've seen a lot of unhappiness in Stageland from these flexible triple expansion heads in my day, and I can tell you there's nothing worse in all the diseases of the drammer than palpitation of the brow. If I ever felt my bump of self-appreciation swelling up, or in any way obtruding itself on the public eye, I'd either take a hatchet and chop the thing off, or a sledge hammer and hammer it in. One of the leading matinee idols of the age came to me only the other day and asked me if I would n't come up to his house every Saturday afternoon after the show was over and sit on his head for an hour. 'I tell you what it is, Jim,' says he to me, 'I can't help its getting swelled the way those matinee parties treat me, and unless something's done mighty quick to stop it I'm hanged if I believe I'll be able to get the darned thing through the stage door some night and then what will

become of the dramatic profession?' Then you all remember the case of Henry Mortimer de Beauville, the handsomest leading man that ever trod the boards of Boston, don't you?"

"No," said Alice, "I don't remember it at all. You see I've only just begun going to the theater—but did n't he have a pretty name?"

"Well," said the Carpenter, shaking his head dubiously, "Finnegan is a strong name, but I should n't call it exactly pretty."

"Was n't his name de Beauville?" asked Alice.

"Only on the fences, the ash barrels and the programmes," said Jimmie. "His real name was B. Boru Finnegan. Poor fellow, his was a dreadful fate. He suffered from enlargement of the temples at times, and we repeatedly warned him against the possible danger of neglecting the trouble, but he merely laughed us off, until one matinee out in San Francisco he was playing a love scene in a dramatization of one of the Duchesses novels. The audience was made up of the most select young lady's boarding schools in the state of California, and as de Beauville went on the applause grew to a perfect ovation. Gloves were ripped into tatters, boxes of candy, bunches of violets and packages of chewing gum and even new spring bonnets were thrown at his feet from all parts of the house. One young lady in her enthusiasm for his work threw a bundle of school-books at him, hitting the leader of the orchestra in the back of the neck and seriously disturbing his *sang froid*, and poor de Beauville smiling and bowing found his head swelling up to such unwonted size that he could not help feeling it, and this time it did n't stop. Kept growing bigger and bigger. He clutched it in both hands and tried to hold it in, but without avail. Nothing that he could do could keep it down, until finally—"

Here Jimmie's voice grew husky and his lips dry.

"Finally it burst like a Fourth of July bomb, right before everybody. Simply went to pieces with a sound like a blown-up paper bag and disappeared wholly from view," he said.

Intense silence followed the narration of the Stage Carpenter's story. Tears trickled down the cheeks of Oscar, and a suspicion of saw-dust was seen to moisten the eyes of the Scarecrow.

"The worst part of it was," said the Carpenter, solemnly, "that when de Beauville's head burst it was found that he had no brains at all."

"No brains?" cried Oscar. "How in thunder could he remember his lines?"

"He had a phonographic cylinder in there instead," said Jimmie, with a deep sigh.

At this point, there was a great shouting down the corridor.

"There they are—head 'em off—head 'em off!" cried two familiar voices, and Alice looking back to see whence they came was appalled to see Frohmandum and Frohmandee bearing down upon her.

"Stop her! She's our Child Camille!" they cried again.

"Hurry!" whispered the Scarecrow, grasping Alice excitedly by the arm. "Into the elevator—quick or we'll be nabbed."

It was no sooner said than done and not a moment too soon either. Just as Frohmandum and Frohmandee reached them the Scarecrow slid the iron door of the elevator to with a crash, in their faces, pulled the rope and the little party shot downwards into—

"NIGHTMARELAND," called a hoarse voice through a megaphone. "Step up—step up—wow-wow-wow—ten cents—ten cents—ten cents. This way to NIGHTMARELAND."



TOO MUCH MARRIED.

"WOE is me!" exclaimed the Sultan. "Was ever man afflicted as I am?"

"More foreign complications?" inquired the Grand Vizier.

"No,—domestic. I have figured it up carefully and I find that I'm the victim of thirty-one cases of matrimonial incompatibility."

SOUR GRAPES.

A COLLEGIAN, pallid and puny,
Tried athletics but found, very soon, he
Could n't play, nor yet yell,
An muttered: "Oh, well,
I'd rather be puny than loony."

PROSPERITY covers a multitude of political
sins.

IN THE COMING ERA.

MRS. STRONGMIND.—Well, we have made a vigorous campaign.

MRS. BALLOTBOX.—Oh, yes. I'm just sending out a strong appeal for workers to woman the polls on Election Day.

A CARELESS word will sometimes make a woman as unhappy as an ill-fitting dress.

PUCK



A DOG-FISH JEST.

MYNHEER VON BOOZEVANT.—Gadzooks! But the dog is an angler, too!
 MYNHEER VON DER WAGG.—And a mighty good one, in sooth; when he gets a bite it's a foregone conclusion he'll land his fish.

THE GENTLEMAN'S HOME JOURNAL.

MR. RORER'S GASTRO-GABBLE.

My Two Best German Dishes.



of Natürlich. A demitasse of Kaffeeklatsch goes well with this dish.

A MOST delicious German breakfast dish is Umlaut Omelette. Get about two dozen pickled umlauts (all delicassine stores keep them), and be particular to ask for "u" umlauts, as they are much finer than "a" umlauts.

Split and rinse, beat in two eggs, and add a handful of minced Raus-mitem. Cook in a spider over a quick fire, remove when golden brown, and serve garnished with sprigs

of Natürlich. A demitasse of Kaffeeklatsch goes well with this dish.

For a more substantial meal nothing is quite equal to Roast Gemüthlich. Skewer about four pounds of Gemüthlich with thin strips of Zeitgeist, and cook four hours in a slow oven, basting frequently with Weiss-nicht. The roast should be accompanied by a Gesund-heit sauce, which is prepared as follows: Rub together a teaspoonful of Prosit and one of Jawohl, add a pint of Pilsener and stir.

An excellent wine is Hock der Kaiser, or if a dry wine is desired I recommend Dreimal Hock. To top off with, I suggest a thimbleful of Ach Himmel.

B. L. T.

AN EVENT.

WHEN POLLY makes her garden
 In bonnet prim arrayed,
 I take my oath upon it
 There is no fairer maid.

With rake and hoe and shovel
 Industrious she digs,
 And takes her precious thoughts up
 With seeds and bulbs and twigs.

'T is thus that compensation
 Comes down Time's weary track;
 One woman lost the Garden,
 But Polly gives it back.

McLandburgh Wilson.



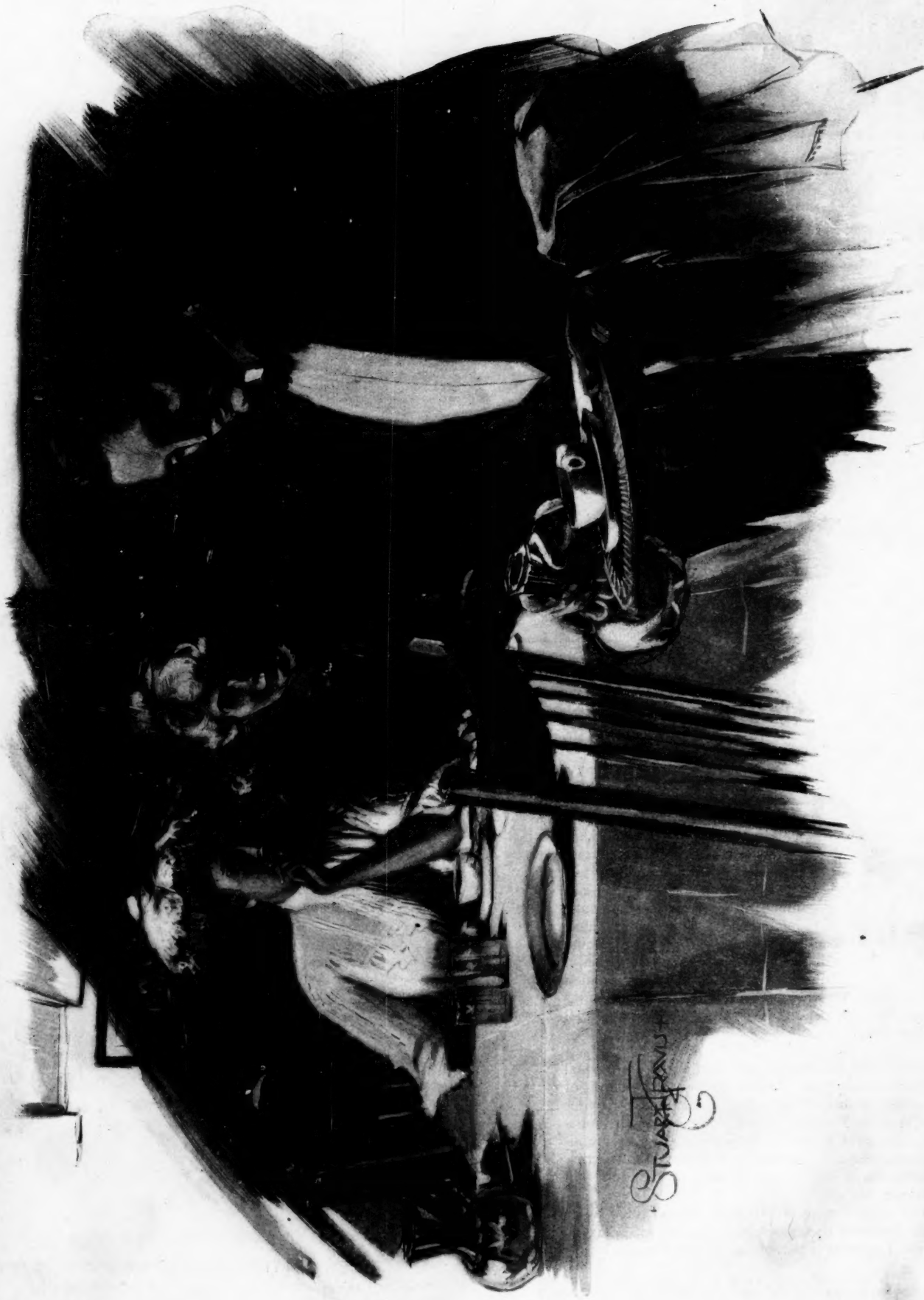
LIFE'S LITTLE NECESSITIES.

CABOOSE CARSON.—It says in de papers dat de necessities uv life are steadily rising in price!

DOWN-GRADE GLEASON.—Dat's a fake! Rum and terbacker are jest ez cheap now ez when I wuz a kid.

ART is the concealment of art or of the fact that there is n't any.

There are too many people whose energy seems to be exhausted in reaching the conclusion that something ought to be done.



SUMMER SORROWS.

THE ELDER ONE. — Such a handsome fellow, too! A divinity student, the clerk told me.
THE YOUNGER ONE. — O, why is fate so cruel? Think of his being a waiter, while the swimming instructor is freckled and homely.

Accidental Journeys to the Homes of Candidates



II.—OYSTER BAY.

IT WAS quite embarrassing at first, but after getting used to it, I enjoyed it thoroughly. I may even say, without fear of self-contradiction, that I enjoyed myself even more than I did on my previous assignment—a Sunday Supplement employs me—when lolling in a canoe on the Hackensack River, I gathered material for a double-truck science story, "If Mosquitos Think, What Then?"



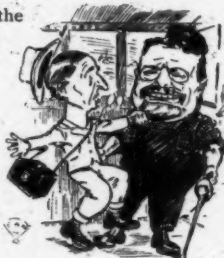
On the day of which I spoke first, the Sunday Editor had called me to him and given me these instructions:

"Ranter, go up to Long Island City and get aboard the engine of the Hampton's Express. Here is a pass and a permit. Take a camera along and write me a page of your very best stuff on, Do Locomotives Perspire? I've fixed it all up with the Traffic Manager, so run along."

How I happened to make the mistake I did, to this moment I can not tell. It was not much of a mistake, as one locomotive for my purpose was quite as good as another, but it completely banished from my mind the quest on which I had come, and when I recovered, it was too dark to take pictures.

It was disagreeably hot and noisy in the cab. I longed for the starting signal. Finally it came, and then for the first time I saw the fireman. He was an odd individual, quite unfamiliar to me, and yet there was a look about him, despite his thick bushy beard, that I seemed to know. Ah! Shall I ever forget the next half minute?

He said something to me which on account of the roar of the engine I did not quite catch. Getting out of my seat so as to hear him distinctly, I was thrown violently against the side of the cab, a sharp curve in the road being responsible. About to fall from the window, I grabbed frantically at the nearest support, neither comprehending nor seeing that it was the fireman's beard till, neatly and cleanly, it came off in my hand, and there, in the swaying cab, the Hon. Theodore Roosevelt stood before me!



"The—the President!" I gasped, still half doubting.

He grinned good-humoredly, and my doubts disappeared.

"I—I am de-light-ed," I went on, scarcely knowing what I said, but conscious still of a desire to say the right thing.

The President was in no sense abashed.

"My dear fellow," he cried, gripping my hand, "I recollect you distinctly. You were with me at Tampa."

I tried to deny it but he would not let me.

"And at La Guasimas! I remember perfectly your saying to me there, 'Down, Colonel, you'll be shot.' And the next instant, you went down yourself, a bullet through your hat."

"I was never nearer Cuba than the Moving Pictures," I shouted in desperation, "it was somebody else, honest."

The President, I could see, was annoyed by my obstinacy. He had taken from his pocket an autographed card: "To my old comrade", who was with me at", and had begun to fill it in. When I spoke, a pained expression strolled across his countenance and with a strenuous gesture, he thrust both card and fountain-pen back in his overall pocket.

"I am sorry about the beard," I said awkwardly, "I dropped it out the window."

"Don't mention it, my good fellow," he answered genially, "don't say a word but—Look quick!"

Obedient to his will, I looked. We were passing at lightning speed through Richmond Hill. Following with my eye the President's pointing finger, I beheld on the top of the tallest tree near the track, the figure of a man. American flags were flying from him, while in his hands he held and flung to the breeze a long white streamer bearing such superlative words as Grandest, Greatest, Purest, Bravest, Peachiest, Bulliest. As we shot by, the man was cheering violently.

"Jake Riis," said the President, grinning expansively, "my faithful biographer and America's most useful citizen. Knew I was due. Was with me in Mulberry Street, between Houston and Bleecker."

I was getting my wits together gradually, when once again the President startled me.

"My whiskers!" he cried in agitated manner, "my whiskers!"

"What about them?" said I, "they are somewhere near Corona by this time. Don't you remember?"

"Of course," he answered sharply, "and that's it. We stop in three seconds and how am I to climb out on the tender and draw a tank full of water without my disguise?"

"Why not go as you are and be recognized?" I suggested. "Show that you are one of the Common People, and not afraid to—"

"It would not do, it would not do," cried the President. "As Philander would say, it is incompatible with public interests at the present time."

"Well, if you must be disguised, you must, that's all," said I, and with that I seized a bit of gray cotton waste and deftly fashioning it in the form of a full beard—I was once make-up man to a well known Brooklyn dramatic club—fastened it securely to the President's features.

"There!" said I, growing bolder every minute, "you look more like Rameses than Roosevelt, but—"

"Say no more," he interrupted, "you have done your country an inestimable service. Ah! If you had only been with me at Tampa, then you should have my autograph."

Again he jumped for the running board, and again I was left to collect my scattered thoughts. I gathered nearly all of them when we started once more and the President reappeared.

"By the way," said he, "Mister—"

"Ranter," said I, "Ananias J. Ranter, representing the Sunday Hot-Box."

"Mr. Ranter," he resumed, recovering himself, and speaking with the utmost dignity, "may I ask what you are doing here anyway?"

It was a cool query, to say the least, and one which in much better reason could have been put by me to him. However, the President had asked it.

"Oh!" said I, airily, "I am on my way to the Hamptons. In the cab, because of the story I'm on, Do Locomotives Perspire?"

The President laughed, rather boisterously, I thought.

"This train goes to Oyster Bay," he said, briefly, a smile still lurking in the corners of his eye teeth. "You're on the wrong train, Ranter."

I kicked my camera; I was so vexed.

"Oyster Bay!" I cried, "and you—you are—"

"The fireman of this locomotive," said the President, "by secret arrangement with the superintendent. Not even the engineer is aware of my identity."

"But Jake Riis? The tree? The salute?" I exclaimed.

"Ah! True!" he responded, "Jake knows, also. I had forgotten. I can keep nothing from so faithful a biographer."

"And you took this job because—?"

"For the exercise, Ranter, for the exercise! What outdoor sport can compare with coal-passing? Golf—Bah! Tennis—Tush! Ping Pong—Pish! But coal-passing—De-light-ful!"

"But," said I, "suppose they found you out?"

"My union card, old boy!" he shouted, hilariously, "my membership in the American Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen! That would be my answer. Ha! Ha!"



As if to share his bubbling joy, the wild— of the crossing whistle sounded above us and then, a second later, the long-drawn wail which announced the end of our run.

"Oyster Bay," said the President. "Now I must indeed be cautious. Tell me, is my beard on straight?"

"There's a bit of a list to starboard," said I, getting nautical from a glimpse of the Seawanhaka-Corinthian Yacht Club, "but I can fix it."

"Do so," he said, as we commenced to slow down. "And now, Ranter, take this. I insist."

He thrust in my hand a glossy bit of card board and dropped nimbly off.

"Remember me kindly to your good wife," he shouted, in parting.

Then waving his dinner pail—it had been, I trust, a full dinner pail earlier in the day—and tearing the cotton waste from his chin, he plunged into the darkening bay. With the last turn of our drivers, he was twenty strokes from land, his pail between his teeth, and swimming straight for the foot of Sagamore Hill.

Rubbing my eyes, I looked at the card he had given me and beheld, together with his autograph, these words: "To my old comrade, Ananias J. Ranter, who was with me in the cab."

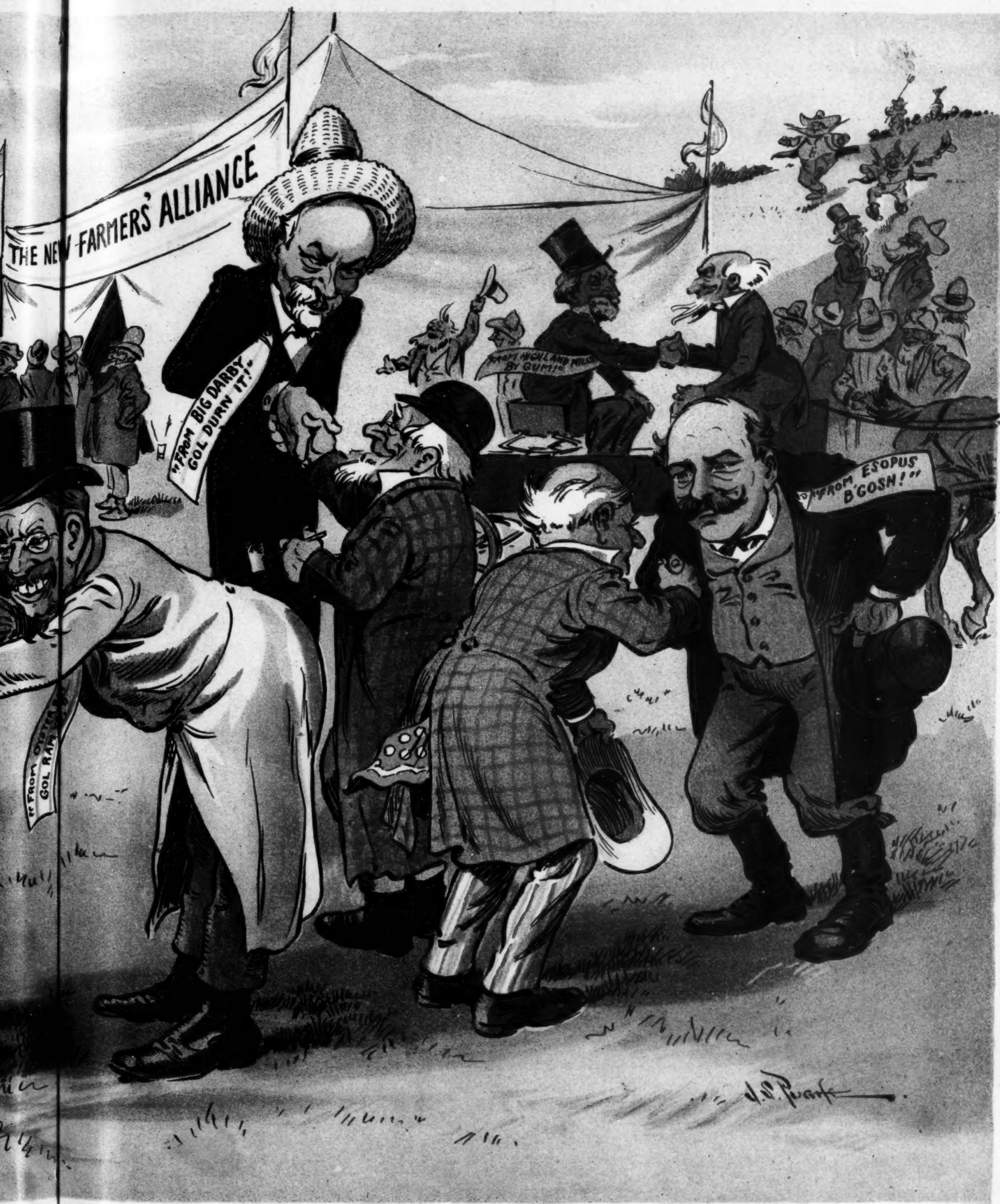
Arthur H. Folwell.





J. OTTMANN LITH. CO. PUCK BLDG. N.Y.

PUZZLE PICT
FIND THE REAL FA



ZZLE PICTURE.
AND THE REAL FARMERS.

PUCK

TIMELY FORTUNES.

A. B. P., ESOPUS, N. Y.—Very good fortune; sudden popularity; great respect from high personages. You will gradually recover from your throat trouble and talk much and freely. The Professor sees for you a journey in March of next year, and a new home in a white house near the Potomac River.



H. G. D., ELKINS, W. Va.—In a few months you will go down into a coal mine, and will remain there four years.

G. C., BUZZARDS BAY.—The Professor sees for you an unusually prosperous autumn. Some of them will weigh seven or eight pounds. The largest will get away.

T. R., OYSTER BAY.—You have had a long run of luck, but the Professor sees a jolt ahead. You have a number of secret enemies, who will try to do you harm. Tuesday is your unlucky day. Always expect to hear bad news on a Tuesday, especially in November.

W. R. H., PARK ROW.—Your number on the Wheel of Fortune shows a loss of friends, loss of money, and bad success at politics. Letters of abuse may be expected.

ACTOR.—To dream of picking a bit of lint off a friend's coat is a sign that you intend to borrow money of him.

BROOKLYNITE.—You are going to cross a bridge and go on a long journey, but you will not get a seat.

B. L. T.

1904.

MEN are being urgently requested by their friends. Bedfellows are stranger and stranger. Necessity is being made virtue of. The pot and the kettle look dark. People who can be fooled about all the time are the people. In a word, politics is.



CAUSE FOR REJOICING.

MRS. RABBIT.—Oh! I'm so glad you're home again. I've missed you dreadfully.

MR. RABBIT.—Thank you, my dear. I'm happy to say that the Amateur Hunter I met did the same thing.

A LEGAL LIGHT.

JUDGE CODEX.—Define law, young man.

MR. BLACKSTONE KENT.—It's the last guess of the Court of Appeals, sir!



SOMEWHAT UNUSUAL.

SHE (romantically).—Ah, how sweet to find two hearts that beat as one!

PAPA (practically).—And how uncommon! As a general thing, one is attuned to hymns and the other to rag-time.

The man who knows no such word as fail is usually able to find a suitable synonym.

PUCK

FAR AWAY POETRY.

"ONE WORD more and I am through," said the Lecturer on Practical Authorship to his class of Advanced Aspirants, "I will terminate my remarks this morning with a brief reference to juvenile literature, or being strictly accurate, to the phase of it known as Far Away Poetry.

"Any member of the class before me should be able, with a minimum of preliminary practice, to do more than creditable work in this line of writing. Experience is quite unessential, while the rules are few and simple.

"Far Away Poetry is that branch of juvenile literature which describes in rippling rhyme such localities as Lazybonesland, The Country of Once on a Time, or The Village of By-and-By. It is classified as Far Away Poetry by common consent; the places described in the stanzas being invariably situated, if we are to believe the authors, in the Clouds, on the edges of Rainbows, the exact spot where the Sun sinks to rest, or in some rarefied neighborhood equally remote and prismatic.

"The number of subjects, and hence the number of poems, is practically limitless, as in a few hurried words I will be able to show you. The sole limitation, in fact, is that imposed by juvenile understanding itself. Or, by way of illustration, while Hush-a-By Land would unquestionably be an appropriate subject for a children's page, The Hazy Hills of High Ball manifestly would not. So it is that discretion must be used, but once one has learned its use, the rest is plain sailing.

"In conclusion, I will read off a few specimen titles, original with myself, to any one of which, if you so desire, you may append a Far Away poem and take it to market. The first of my titles is Teething Town—excellent reading for very little tots;—while the others are The Country of Don't-you-care; The City of Way-way-off, Thank-you Land and—Ahem!—for adult perusal only, just as an afterthought, Upagainstit Island and Over The Bar of Say-when.

"The class will please pass out quietly."

A. H. F.



AN EXPERT OPINION.

IKEY (*who has been reading*).—Fader, can anybody get rich "beyond der dreams of afarice?"

HIS FATHER.—I t'ink nod, Ikey. Afarice vos a putty good dreamer.

THE ADVERTISING PAGE.

THE fairy tales of Science on the advertising page!

O the splendor of achievement in this wonder-working age!

Shades of Andersen and Gulliver, Munchausen and Defoe,
We have found more potent masters, ye are *passé*, ye may go!

All the wizardry of Egypt, all the sleight of Eastern hands
Are as moonlight unto sunlight; matched with advertising
wands.

For the air is now our pathway, and we talk across the seas
And we listen to the voices of defunct ones at our ease.

We can cure our ills with thinking that our ills do not exist,
We can play divinest music by the turning of a wrist.

We out-Croesus Croesus daily with a simple watering can,
And fortunes go a-begging, says the advertising man.

We may grow whate'er 's our pleasure, we may grow our hair
again,

We may grow the giant muscles of the pugilistic men;

Grow beautiful complexions, grow straight, or lean, or stout;
Make a squinting eye commanding, change to Grecian nose a snout.

We can "stop forgetting" figures, "wake the Solar Plexus" up,
Grow to intellectual marvels (if we "break the coffee cup").

We can go without our breakfast, and a hearty dinner make
On a tiny little tablet, fearless of all hunger-ache.

O the fairy tales of Science in this wonder-working age,
How they fascinate our fancy on the advertising page.

Robert Easton.

POSSIBLY.

"HOMER, you know, represented some of the gods as
fighting for the Greeks and some for the Trojans."

"Yes. I guess that must have been the first allusion
to the mills of the gods."

ENCOURAGEMENT.

"MY SON," said the elder simian, "follow my advice, and I'll
make a monkey of you!"

UNCANDID.

TRIO. A minor. Tschaikowsky.
The audience made a great blowsky
At not being bored,
And the artist encored,
Though they really had more than enowsky.



EXCLUSIVE.

NEW YORK WAR CORRESPONDENT.—I wish I could send in
some news to my editor that would cheer him up a bit!

HIS TENT MATE.—Why not send in a report that you have
been killed?

It's a great comfort to know
that you can always
fall back on

Evans' Ale

It is always sure to be
what you wanted
and expected.

Pomlo Bitters

A delicacy of exquisite flavor—the best tonic and appetizer. At leading hotels, cafes, clubs. Send six cents for handsome receipt book, "The Art of Drink Mixing."
POMLO BITTERS CO., N. Y.
13 West Broadway.

HENRY LINDENMEYER & SONS,
PAPER WAREHOUSE,
32, 34 and 36 Bleecker Street, NEW YORK.
BRANCH WAREHOUSE: 50 Broadway Street.
All kinds of Paper made to order.

DELIGHTFUL, PURE, HEALTHFUL
COOK'S
Imperial
Extra dry
CHAMPAGNE
SERVED EVERYWHERE

HOTEL SEVILLE

Madison Ave. and 29th St., N. Y.

In Shopping and Theatre District; Yet
Located for Quiet and Ease. Near
R. R. Stations. Crosstown Cars con-
necting with all Ferries pass the door.



SINGLE ROOMS or SUITES,
Furnished or Unfurnished.

Transient Rates from \$1.50 per day;
With Bath, \$2.00 per day.

EDWARD PURCHAS, Mgr.

WILSON WHISKEY

THAT'S ALL!

WISE YOUNG MAN.

ELVIRA.—And did he kiss you before your chaperon?

MARCIA.—Oh, no. He was wise enough to kiss her first.—*Columbus Dispatch.*

THE millionaire may smoke only dollar cigars himself, but he has to smell the five-cent cigars that other men are smoking.—*Somerville Journal.*

WOMEN should look forward to heaven with more reason than the men: the gowns there are made without hooks and eyes.—*Atchison Globe.*



SHELLS.

"I would like," quoth the chicken, "to tell
You the folly of lugging a shell,
When by learning to row,
You can easily go
Through the water, and faster as well."

Pure blood, bright eyes, bounding step, high spirits
good health—synonymous with Abbott's Angostura
Bitters, intelligently used. Test it.

DUG UP.

"Remember, always," exhorted the preacher, "that whatever you sow, that also you shall reap."

"Not always," replied Subbubs; "not if your neighbor keeps chickens."—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

CAUGHT ON THE REBOUND.

SLOWBOY (at summer resort).—I am going to the postoffice, Miss Peachly. Shall I ask for you?

MISS PEACHLY.—Of course you may, Mr. Slowboy, but it is n't necessary to go to the postoffice. You will find papa down in the billiard room.—*Columbus Dispatch.*

A STUDY IN CONTRASTS.

"Don't you know that your office-boy is a very aggressive and overbearing person?"

"Yes," said the business man. "It's not a bad idea. No matter how hurried or annoyed I may be, I impress a caller as good-natured, compared to the office-boy."—*Washington Star.*

PEOPLE are already pitying a certain set of children. They are to become step-children soon, but they don't know it.—*Atchison Globe.*

"HARD words passed between them," telegraphed the war correspondent. It was no quarrel, merely an exchange of greeting between two Russian generals.—*Princeton Tiger.*



TRADE MARK

Way Ahead

When perfection is reached, that
ends it. It is thus that

Hunter Whiskey

on its quality and purity has
passed the goal in the race.

Sold at all first-class cafes and by Jobbers.
WM. LANAHAN & SON, Baltimore, Md.

Pears'

"Just soap," is good
enough for some, but most
women insist on having
Pears'. Ask some girl with
a good complexion—why?

Sold by the cake and in boxes.

In Vacation Time...

Readers of PUCK may
have the paper mailed
to them for 40 cents a
month, postage prepaid.
Addresses will be changed
as often as desired. Orders
may be sent through your
newsdealer or direct to

THE PUBLISHERS OF PUCK
PUCK BUILDING, NEW YORK

Chicago's Theater Train—11:30 P. M.—NEW YORK CENTRAL.

**I.W. HARPER
RYE**

Everybody who knows, knows that good whiskey is the best stimulant. Everybody who knows "I. W. HARPER," knows the best whiskey—for beverage, stimulant or other medicinal use. Sold by leading dealers everywhere.

BERNHEIM DISTILLING CO., Louisville, Ky.

TIME'S CHANGES.

"Is the story you have written a historic novel?"
"No," answered the litterateur in hard luck. "It's a modern novel now. But I guess it will be historic before I get it published."—*Washington Star*.

GOOD DAY TO CATCH THEM.

HICKS.—How do you happen to be going fishing on Friday? I thought you believed Friday was an unlucky day.
WICKS.—Well, I always have. But it occurred to me this morning that perhaps it would be unlucky for the fish.—*Somerville Journal*.

"When you do drink, drink Trimble"

"To drink tonight, with hearts as light,
To loves as gay and fleeting
As bubbles that swim on the
breakers' brim,
And break on the lips while meeting."

A pure rye,
10 years old, aged
by time,
not artificially.

Trimble
Whiskey
Green Label.

Sole Proprietors,
WHITE, HENTZ & CO.,
Phila. & New York.
ESTABLISHED 1793.

AT ALL FIRST-CLASS DEALERS.

FOR YOUR
STOMACH
NERVES and BRAIN
SMOKE
NO-NICO
Mildest CIGARS Made.

Tobacco Made Harmless
Under U. S. Patented Process No. 172707.
Recommended by the medical profession for convalescents and smokers who suffer from weak heart, stomach or throat troubles.
The usual effects of Nicotine made innocuous without disturbing the fragrance, aroma or quality of the tobacco.
For young smokers No-Nico Cigars are preferable to cigarettes.
LARGE SIZE, \$8.50 & \$7 per 100
SMALL, " \$4.50 per 100.
Sold at Ferries, News Stands, Drug Stores, Clubs, Hotels and dealers generally.
THE INTER-STATE CIGAR CO.,
89 Chambers St., New York.
Also **AUSTIN NICHOLS & CO.,**
61 Hudson St., New York.

If you want to realize fully how heartless and unsympathetic the world is, just get a cold-in-the-head in hot weather.—*Somerville Journal*.

GIVE a boy a toy, and the first night he takes it to bed with him, and the second night he leaves it on the stairs so that some one falls over it.—*Atchison Globe*.



CONTRADICTORY.

"He said he could n't live without her."
"Did she accept him?"
"Oh, yes, after looking him up in Bradstreets and finding that he could."

BALL-POINTED PENS

MIGHTIER THAN THE SWORD

(H. HEWITT'S PATENT.)
Suitable for writing in every position; glide over any paper; never scratch nor spurt.
Made of the finest Sheffield rolled steel, BALL-POINTED Pens are more durable, and are ahead of all others FOR EASY WRITING.
Assorted sample box of 24 pens for 25 cents.
H. Bainbridge & Co., 99 William St., New York, AND ALL STATIONERS.

ANTI-BLOTTING
FEDERATION HOLDER

**ORMISTON & GLASS
LONDON**

THE Keeley Cure

for Liquor and Drug Using

A scientific remedy which has been skillfully and successfully administered by medical specialists for the past 25 years.

ALL CORRESPONDENCE CONFIDENTIAL

Hot Springs, Ark. Los Angeles, Cal. San Francisco, Cal. 1170 Market St. West Haven, Conn. Washington, D. C. 311 N. Capitol St.	Atlanta, Ga. Dwight, Ill. Marion, Ind. Des Moines, Ia. Orchard, Ky. Portland, Me. Lexington, Mass.	Grand Rapids, Mich. St. Louis, Mo. 3808 Locust St. Boulder, Mont. Buffalo, N. Y. Columbus, O. Dennison Ave.	North Conway, N. H. White Plains, N. Y. Harrisburg, Pa. Philadelphia, Pa. 612 N. Broad St. Pittsburg, Pa. 4246 Fifth Ave.	Portland, Ore. Providence, R. I. Richmond, Va. Seattle, Wash. Huntington, W. Va. Waukegan, Wis. Toronto, Ont.
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It is a question when time drags slower: at a church social, or a family reunion.—*Atchison Globe*.

GOUT & RHEUMATISM
Use the Great English Remedy
BLAIR'S PILLS
Safe, Sure, Effective. 50c. & \$1.
DRUGGISTS, or 224 William St., N. Y.

BOKER'S BITTERS

Antidyspeptic. A tonic, an appetizer and a delicacy in mixed drinks.

CONSISTENTLY ANARCHISTIC.

"A man's wealth ought not to keep him out o' jail," said Plodding Pete.
"No," answered Meandering Mike. "If I had my way I'd make it a regular annual resort for de rich. Den it 'ud git more comfortable an' luxurious fur us other boarders."—*Washington Star*.

"WELL," a man said to-day, when the noon whistles blew, "I will go home and diet."—*Atchison Globe*.

FOR MEN OF BRAINS
Cortez CIGARS
-MADE AT KEY WEST-

FACING THE FUTURE.

I've managed to stand the summer;
I'm ready for wintry snows.
As long as I was n't sunstruck,
I reckon I won't be froze.
—*Washington Star.*

AFTER a woman has reached 150
pounds in weight, she should quit
thinking of herself as a ray of sun-
shine.—*Atchison Globe.*

RED TOP RYE

GOOD WHISKEY

It's up to YOU

FERDINAND WESTHEIMER & SONS
CINCINNATI, O.
ST. JOSEPH, MO. LOUISVILLE, KY.

Milo The Egyptian Cigarette of Quality

At your club or dealer's

AROMATIC DELICACY—
MILDNESS—PURITY

REDUCED RATES TO BOSTON.

Via Pennsylvania Railroad Account G. A. R. National Encampment.

On account of the National Encampment,
G. A. R., at Boston, Mass., August 15 to 20,
1904, the Pennsylvania Railroad Company
will sell excursion tickets to Boston, Mass.,
from all stations on its lines from August 13
to 15, inclusive, at greatly reduced rates.
These tickets will be good for return passage,
to leave Boston not earlier than August 16,
nor later than August 20, inclusive, when
executed by Joint Agent at Boston.

Upon deposit of ticket with Joint Agent
on or before August 20, and payment of fifty
cents, an extension of return limit may be
secured to leave Boston to September 30,
inclusive.

MONEY TALKS.

"Money talks—
So stop yo' playin';
Better find out
What he sayin'!"
—*Atlanta Constitution.*

TWO SORTS.

"The man who is anxious to see his
name in print is usually the worst sort
of a chump."

"Not always. Sometimes he may
be the best sort of a wise man. He
may be an advertiser."—*Philadelphia
Ledger.*

A DEFICIENT EDUCATION.

A brilliant young woman named
Mudge,
The child of a talented judge,
On a desert isle cast
Had to painfully fast,
For she could make nothing but fudge.
—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

THE WRETCHED.

"You are wretchedly poor?"
"Oh, no! We have never been
rich."—*Detroit Free Press.*

JOY BOUND.

THE summer girl beside the sea
Is sitting cozy and shy,
The fish hawk circles merrily
About the cloudless sky.

The white sail in the sea breeze shakes
And flaps serene and gay,
The billow in wild music breaks,
The porpoise frisks in play.

And yet the girl looks not above
Because she's more than stuck
Upon the varied contents of
The bright Mid-Summer Puck.



REDUCED RATES TO LOUISVILLE.

Via Pennsylvania Railroad, Account Biennial Encampment, Knights of Pythias.

On account of the Biennial Encampment,
Knights of Pythias, at Louisville, Ky., August
16 to 29, 1904, the Pennsylvania Railroad Com-
pany will sell excursion tickets to Louisville and
return, from all stations on its lines, from August
12 to 15, inclusive, at rate of single fare, plus
\$1.00, for the round trip. These tickets will
be good for return passage to leave Louisville
not later than August 31, when validated by
Joint Agent at Louisville. Upon deposit of
ticket with Joint Agent, not later than August
31, and payment of 50 cents, an extension of
return limit may be secured to leave Louisville
to September 15, inclusive.

PROUD OF IT.

"What was Scorchem arrested for?"
"Fast driving."
"That's too bad."
"Not at all. He wants people to
believe he owns a speedy horse and he
paid the policeman for arresting him."
—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

If a husband does n't like to have
his wife save the old love letters he
wrote her, let him write her new ones.
—*Atchison Globe.*

"Puck's Summer Girl"

The amusing series of
**Accidental Visits to
the Homes of Fam-
ous Candidates,** by
Arthur H. Folwell, will be rep-
resented in this number by a
most edifying account of a
chance interview with the Hon.
Charles W. Fairbanks, in which
many surprising situations are
revealed and some light shed
upon the present status
of the National Cam-
paign.

"Puck's Summer Girl"

OUT NEXT WEEK

The Mid-Summer Number of Puck

which will be issued August 17, 1904, will be one of the most brilliantly
written and sumptuously illustrated special numbers of PUCK ever issued.
The satire of the installment of "Alice in Stageland," by John Kendrick
Bangs, is unusually keen in quality and tells the story of the little heroine's
adventures in the mysterious Nightmare Land which is of course a thinly
veiled burlesque of the famous Coney Island Resorts of Luna Park
and Dreamland and other similar purveyors of mid-summer entertainment.

With Supplement 10 Cents Per Copy

The number contains also a page Supplement in Five Colors,
entitled "Puck's Summer Girl," in which the delicate artistry of
Mr. Otto J. Schneider finds an ample and unusual outlet.

The Cover Design, printed in four colors, is by Frank A. Nankivell and
is dainty in conception as well as in execution. There is something to amuse
or please the eye on every page, and no lover of good, clean, wholesome fun
can afford to be without it. It is issued at the regular price, ten cents
per copy—twenty pages and supplement. Don't miss it.

ALL NEWSDEALERS, or mailed on receipt of price by PUCK, Puck Building, New York

"Puck's Summer Girl"

The Cartoons by L. M.
Glackens and J. S.
Pughe treat respectively
of the unhappy condition
of the father of the family left
at home in solitude by the
summering family and the
happy results of PUCK'S
Annual Outing for the Illus-
trious at Harmony Park. Both
Cartoons are rich in humor,
telling in design and
afford much food for
reflection.

"Puck's Summer Girl"

PUCK



I.
THE HARE.—I'll race you to that tree down there, and bet you I can beat you—there'll be no sleeping this time.



II.
"Ready!"



III.
"Go!!!"



IV.
THE TORTOISE.—B-z-zip!!!
THE HARE.—Now, I wonder what that is?



V.
"Bz-zippety-zip-zip!"



VI.
THE TORTOISE.—Why, hello, old chap! What detained you?

THE HARE TRIES IT AGAIN.